2d

The *FAIR* in an UPROAR;

OR,

The Dancing-Doggs.

As they Perform in Mr *Pinkeman's* New OPERA in *Bartholomew Fair.*

30. *August.* 1707.

Prologue to the Dogs.

'TIS well we live in such a fickle Place,
Where *Novelty* was ever follow'd more than Grace:
(Strange Fancies take in these Unrighteous Days)
But sure, of all the Whims with which we've met,
We're ne'er had *Dancing Dogs* in OP'RAS yet:
Tumblers, and *Dancing Masters*, by the Score,
And *Fidlers* too, we've had from *France* before:
Th'were sure to Please, because they came from thence,
And now they've fitted us with *Dogs* to Dance.

Faith since we love to be with Whims perplex'd,
I hope they'll send us *Singing Monkeys* next;
The Creature's not amiss in Voice and Shape,
Monsieur well taught wou'd make a Charming Ape.

But this has alter'd the Surprizing Scene,
[illegible]n' *Coupee* you've now *Monsieur L' Chien*:
[illegible]see the pretty Rogues come Skipping in;
[illegible]'d swear, to note but with what Grace they turn,
[illegible]t all our *English Masters* were out done.
[illegible]h true *French* Air, they trip like little Sprights,
[illegible]lves, and *Fairies*, on a Moon-shine Night:
[illegible]ift *Madmoiselle*, the Mistress, forms the Dance,
[illegible]h Names and Dresses, *Alamode de France.*

L'Marquis, Madamoiselle, L'Chambriere,
L'Peasant, Garsoon, L'Granadier,
With *Seignior Scaramouch*, for Sport array'd,
And all the little Tribe in Masquerade.

This is the Charm that gathers all the Town,
Whil'st Ancient Drolling will no more go down:
Pinkeman ne'er can fail of good Success,
Whil'st *Dogs*, or *Apes*, or Elephants, can please,
Asses and Puppies are his MASTER-PIECE;
Tho' if some People rightly Scan his Sence,
'Tis thought, no Project e'er will hurt his Brains.
Bullock too, helps to draw the People thither,
That is the *Booby*, and the *Dogs* together:
He'll never fail, I'll warrant, to Act his Part,
The *Fool* in him is Nature more than Art,
Rope-Dancers, *Tumblers*, are no more in Vogue,
The Cry is now to see the *Dancing Dogs*:
Thither in Shoals and Multitudes they go,
So that perhaps the Proverb may be true,
ONE FOOL MAKES MANY——if't be really so,
Monkies and *Monsters* are the best to show.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers Hall.* Price ½ *d.*

Beware of Wretched Halfpenny Wooden Cuts.

The FAIR in an UPROAR.

Or,

The Dancing-Dogs.

A Play Perform'd at Mr. PUPPET's New THEATRE in Fleet-street.

Prologue to the Dogs.